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BULL RUN.

The First Great Struggle on the Plains of Manassas.

BURNSIDE'S BATTLE.

The Rebel Left Driven and Demoralized.

A TEMPORARY VICTORY.

Desperate Condition of the Rebel Armies.

BY GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.

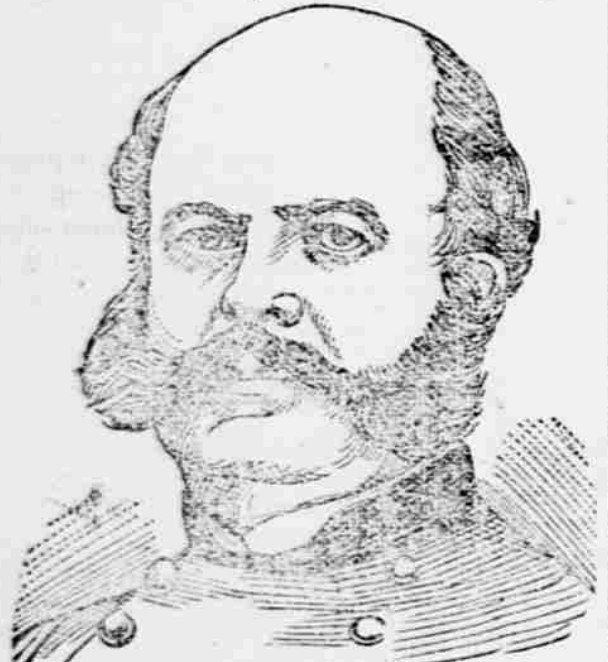
III.

Meanwhile let us return and witness the progress of the battle on the rebel left—where we were looking on, at 10:30 o'clock. Evans had then just posted his 11 companies of infantry on Buck Ridge, with one of his two guns on his left near the Sudley road, and the other not far from the Robinson House, upon the northern spur of the elevated plateau just south of Young's Branch, and nearly midway between the Sudley road and Stone Bridge.

BURNSIDE'S FIGHT.

The battle, as we have seen, has opened. As Burnside's Brigade appears on the slope to the north of Buck Ridge (or Hill), it is received by a rapid, well sustained, and uncomfortable, but not very destructive fire from Evans's artillery, and, as the Union regiments press forward, in column, full of impulsive ardor, the enemy welcomes the head of the column with a hot musketry fire also, delivered from the crest of the elevation behind which the rebel infantry lie flat upon the ground.

This defense by Evans's Demi-Brigade



GEN. A. E. BURNSIDE.

still continues, although half an hour or more has elapsed. Burnside has not yet been able to dislodge the enemy from the position. Emboldened by this fact, Maj. Wheat's Louisiana battalion advances through the woods in front upon Burnside, but is hurled back by a galling fire, which throws it into disorder and flight.

At this moment, however, the brigades of Bee and Bartow, comprising the 7th and 8th Ga., 2d Miss., 4th Ala., 6th N. C., and two companies of the 11th Miss., with Imboden's battery of four pieces, recently arrived with Johnston from Winchester, come up, form on the right of Sloan's 4th S. C., while Wheat rallies his remnant on Sloan's left, now resting on the Sudley road, and the whole new rebel line opens a hot fire upon Burnside's Brigade.

Hunter, for the purpose of better directing the Union attack, is at this moment rapidly riding to the left of the Union line, which is advancing southwardly at right angles to Bull Run stream and the old line of rebel defense thereon. He is struck by the fragment of a shell, and carried to the rear.

Col. John S. Slocum's 2d R. I., with Reynolds's R. I. battery (six 13-pounders), having been sent to the front of Burnside's left, and being closely pressed by the enemy, Burnside's own regiment, the 1st R. I., is gallantly led by Maj. Balch to the support of the 2d, and together they handsomely repulse the rebel onset. Burnside now sends



STONEWALL JACKSON.

forward Martin's 71st N. Y., with its two howitzers, and Marston's 2d N. H.—his whole brigade of four regiments and a light artillery battery, being engaged with the heavy musketry (Imboden's and two other pieces), and nearly seven full regiments of the enemy.

The regiments of Burnside's Brigade are getting considerably cut up. Cols. Slocum and Marston, and Maj. Balch are wounded. There is some confusion in the ranks, and the Rhode Island battery is in danger of capture, when Gen. Andrew Porter—whose own brigade had just reached the field and is deploying to the right of Burnside's—succeeds Hunter in the command of the division, and rides over to his left. Burnside asks him for Ryker's battalion of Regulars, which is accordingly detached from the extreme

right of Andrew Porter's Division, rapidly forms on the left, in support of the Rhode Island battery, and opens a hot and effective fire, which, in connection with the renewed fire of Burnside's rallied regiments, and the opening artillery practice of Griffin's battery—that has just come up at a gallop and gone into a good position upon an eminence to the right of Porter's Division, and to the right of the Sudley road looking south—fairly staggers the enemy.

SHERMAN AND KEYES JOIN IN.

And now the brigades of Sherman and Keyes, having been ordered across Bull Run by Gen. Tyler, are seen advancing from Poplar Ford at the rear of our left—Sherman's Brigade, headed by Corcoran's 69th N. Y. (Irish), coming up on Burnside's left, while Keyes's Brigade is following, to the left again of Sherman.

Before this developing, expanding, and advancing attack of the Union forces, the rebel Gen. Bee, who—since his coming up to support Evans, with his own and Bartow's Brigades, to which have since been added Hampton's Legion—has been in command of this



CROSSING SUDLEY'S FORD.

new rebel line of defense upon the left of the Bull Run line, concludes that that attack is getting too strong for him, and orders his forces to retreat to the southward, and reform on a second line, parallel to their present line, and behind the rising ground at their rear. They do so, somewhat faster than he desires. The whole line of the rebel center gives way, followed by the wings, as far as the victorious Union troops can see.

TEMPORARY VICTORY.

We must be blind if we cannot see that, up to this point, the outlook, from the Union point of view—despite numberless mistakes of detail, and some, perhaps, more general in their character—is very good. The "boys in blue" are irresistibly advancing, driving the "rebel gray" back and back, without let or hindrance, over the Bull Hill Range, over Young's Creek, back to and even over the Warrenton pike. Time, to be sure, is flying—valuable time; but the enemy also is retreating. There is some slight confusion in parts of our own ranks; but there is much more in his. At present, we have decidedly the best of it. McDowell's plan has been, thus far, successful. Will that success continue? We shall see.

Heintzelman's Division is coming up from the rear to the Union right—Franklin's Brigade, made up of the 5th and 11th Mass. and 1st Minn., with Ricketts's splendid battery of six 10-pounder Parrotts, forming on the right of Andrew Porter's Brigade and Division; while Wilcox's Demi-Brigade, with its 11th ("Fire Zouaves") and 32d N. Y.—having left Arnold's battery of four pieces, with the 1st Mich. as its support, posted on a hill commanding Sudley's Ford—comes in on the right of Franklin, thus forming the extreme right of the advancing Union line of attack.

As our reinforcing brigades come up on

Sherman, in his official report, after mentioning the receipt by him of Tyler's order to "cross over with the whole brigade to the assistance of Col. Hunter"—which he did, so far as the infantry was concerned, but left his battery under Ayres behind, on account of the impossibility of the bluff on the western bank of Bull Run—says: "Early in the day, when reconnoitering the ground, I had seen a horseman descend from a bluff in front, cross the stream, and show himself in the open field, and, inferring we could cross over at the same point, I sent forward a company of skirmishers, and followed with the whole brigade, the New York 69th leading."

This is evidently the ford at the elbow of Bull Run, to the right of Sherman's front, which is laid down on the army maps as "Poplar Ford," and which McDowell's engineers had previously discovered and mapped; and to which Maj. Barnard, of the U. S. Engineer Corps, alludes when, in his official report, he says: "Midway between the Stone Bridge and Sudley Spring our maps indicated another ford, which was said to be good."

The Comte de Paris, at page 241, Vol. I, of his admirable "History of the Civil War in America," and perhaps other military historians, having assumed and stated—upon the strength of this passage in Sherman's report—that "the military instinct" of that successful soldier had discovered this ford; and the impression being thus conveyed, however undesignedly, to their readers, that McDowell's Engineer Corps, after spending two or three days in reconnoissances, had failed to find the ford which Sherman had in a few minutes discovered by "military instinct;" it is surely due to the truth of military history, that the engineers be fairly credited with the discovery and mapping of that ford, whose existence should also have been known to McDowell's brigade commanders.

our right and on our left, the enemy falls back, more and more discouraged and dismayed. It seems him, as it does to us, "as though nothing can stop us." Jackson, however, is now hurrying up to the relief of the flying and disordered remnants of Bee's, Bartow's and Evans's Brigades; and these subsequently rally, with Hampton's Legion, upon Jackson's strong brigade of fresh troops, so that on a third new line to which they have been driven back, they soon have 6,500 infantry, 13 pieces of artillery and Stuart's cavalry—posted in a belt of pines which fringes the southern skirt of the Henry House plateau—in a line of battle which, with its left resting upon the Sudley road three-quarters of a mile south of its intersection with the Warrenton pike, is the irregular hypothesis of a right angled triangle, formed by itself and those two intersecting roads, to the southeast of such intersection. It is within this right angled triangular space that the battle, now proceeding, bids fair to rage most fiercely.

RALLYING THE REBELS.

Johnston and Beauregard, riding up from their rear, reach this new (third) line to which the rebel troops have been driven, about noon. They find the brigades of Bee, Bartow, and Evans falling back in great disorder, and taking shelter in a wooded ravine south of the Robinson House and of the Warrenton pike. Hampton's Legion, which has just been driven backward over the pike, with great loss, still holds the Robinson House. Jackson, however, has reached the front of this line of defense, with his brigade of the 2d, 4th, 5th, 27th and 33d Va., and Pendleton's battery—all of which have been well rested since their arrival with other brigades of Johnston's Army of the Shenandoah, from Winchester, a day or two back.

As Jackson comes up on the left of "the ravine and woods occupied by the mingled remnants of Bee's, Bartow's, and Evans's commands," he posts Imboden's, Standard's, and Pendleton's batteries in line "below the brim of the Henry House plateau," perhaps one-eighth of a mile to the east-southeast of the Henry House, at his center; Preston's 4th Va. and Echols's 27th Va., at the rear of the battery-line; Harper's 5th Va., with Radford's cavalry, at its right; and, on its left, Allen's 2d Va.; with Cummings's 33d Va. to the left of that again, and Stuart's cavalry covering the rebel left flank.

It is about this time that the chief rebel Generals find their position so desperate as to necessitate extraordinary measures and personal exposure on their part. Now it is that Jackson earns the famous sobriquet which sticks to him until he dies. Now it is that Johnston and Beauregard, accompanied by their staffs, ride backward and forward among the rebel ranks, rallying and encouraging them. Now it is that, Bee and Bartow and Hampton being wounded, and the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Hampton Legion killed, Beauregard leads a gallant charge of that Legion in person. And now it is that Johnston himself, finding all the field officers of the 4th Ala. disabled, "impulsively and gallantly charges to the front" with the colors of that regiment at his side!

These conspicuous examples of bravery



COL. JAS. CAMERON, Commanding 79th N. Y. (Scots). Killed.

inspire the rebel troops with fresh courage at this admittedly "critical" moment.

NEW DISPOSITIONS.

Johnston now assigns to Beauregard the chief command of the left of the Bull Run line—that is to say, the chief command of the enemy's new line of defense, which, as we have seen, is on the left and at right angles to the old Bull Run line—while he himself, riding back to the Lewis House, resumes "the command of the whole field."

On his way to his rear Johnston orders Cooke to send reinforcements to Beauregard. He also dispatches orders to hurry up to that rebel General's support the brigades of Holmes and Early from near the Union Mills Ford, and that of Bonham from Mitchell's Ford—Ewell, with his brigade, being also directed to "follow with all speed" from Union Mills Ford—making a total of over 10,000 fresh troops.

From the "commanding elevation" of the Lewis House, Johnston can observe the position of the Union forces beyond Bull Run, at Blackburn's Ford and Stone Bridge; the coming of his own reinforcing brigades from far down the Valley toward Manassas, and the maneuvers of our advancing columns under McDowell.

* Testimony of Col. Averell, A. A. G. to Gen. Andrew Porter.

† See Beauregard's Report.

‡ He approaches Jackson—so goes the story, according to Swinton; he points to the disordered remnants of his own brigade mingled with those of the brigades of Bartow and Evans, huddled together in the woods, and exclaims: "General, they are beating us back!" "Sir," responds Jackson, drawing himself up severely, "We'll give them the bayonet!" And Bee, rushing back among his confused troops, rallies them with the cry: "There is Jackson, standing like a stone wall! Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer!"

§ Johnston's Report.

|| Comprising two regiments of infantry, a battery, and Scott's Cavalry—about 1,500 strong.

¶ 2,617 strong.

** 4,281 strong.

†† Of three regiments—2,440 strong.

As the battle proceeds the enemy's strength on the third new line of defense increases, until he has 22 guns, 260 cavalry and 12 regiments of infantry now engaged. It is interesting to observe also that* of these 16 of the guns, nine of the regiments and all of the cavalry (Stuart's) belong to Johnston's Army of the Shenandoah, while only six guns and three infantry regiments thus engaged belong to Beauregard's Army of the Potomac. Thus the burden of the battle has been and is being borne by Johnston's and not Beauregard's troops—in the proportion of about three of the former to one of the latter—which for over two hours maintain their position despite many successive assaults we make upon them.

HOWARD COMES ON THE FIELD.

It is after 2 o'clock p. m. when Howard's Brigade of Heintzelman's Division reaches the battlefield, almost broken down with exhaustion. By order of Heintzelman it has moved at double-quick for a mile of the way and until, under the broiling heat, it can do so no longer. The last two miles of the weary tramp, while the head of the bri-



STAFF OFFICER INFORMS JOHNSTON OF THE APPROACH OF FEDERAL TROOPS.

gade has moved at quick time, the rear, having lost distances, moved much of the time at a double-quick. As a consequence, many of Howard's men drop out and also fatally faint from exhaustion.

As Howard's Brigade approaches the field, besides the ambulances and litters conveying to the rear the wounded and dying, crowds of retreating stragglers meet and tell it to hurry along; that the enemy has been driven back a mile; but as it marches along its regiments do not feel particularly encouraged by the disorganization so prevalent; and the fact that as they come into action the thunders of the rebel artillery do not seem to meet an adequately voluminous response from the Union side seems to them a portent of evil. Weary and fagged out, they are permitted to rest for a while under cover.

Up to this time our line, increased, as it has been, by the brigades of Sherman and Keyes on the left of Burnside, and of Franklin and Wilcox on the right of Porter, has continued to advance victoriously. Our troops are, to be sure, considerably scattered, having been "moved from point to point" a good deal. On our left the enemy has been driven back nearly a mile, and Keyes's Brigade is pushing down Bull Run, under shelter of the bluffs, trying to turn the right flank of the enemy's new line, and give Schenck's Brigade a better chance for crossing the Stone Bridge, still commanded by some of the rebel guns.

Having "nothing to do" there, "several of the Union regiments" are coming over from our left toward our right, with a view of overlapping and turning the enemy's left.

2:30 P. M.

It is about 2:30 o'clock. The batteries of Griffin and Ricketts have already been advanced as far as the eminence upon our right, upon which stands the Dogan House. Supported by Lyon's gallant 14th N. Y. Chasseurs, Griffin's and Ricketts's batteries are still pouring a terribly destructive fire into the batteries and columns of the enemy, now behind the brow of the Henry House Hill, wherever exposed; while Palmer's seven companies of Union cavalry are feeling the enemy's left flank, which McDowell proposes to turn. The flags of eight Union regiments, though "borne somewhat wearily" now point toward the hilly Henry House plateau, beyond which "disordered masses of rebels" have been "hastily retreating."

There is a lull in the battle. The terrible heat is exhausting to the combatants on both sides. Griffin and Ricketts have wrought such havoc with their guns that "nothing remains to be fired at;" victory seems most surely to be ours.

Away down at his headquarters at the Lewis House, the rebel Gen. Johnston stands watching the progress of the battle, as it goes against him. Nervously he glances, every now and then, over his left shoulder, as if expecting something. An officer is galloping toward him from Manassas. He comes from the office of Beauregard's Adjutant-General at that point. He rides up and salutes. "General," says he breathlessly, "a United States army has reached the line of the Manassas Gap Railroad, and is now but three or four miles from our left flank!" Johnston clenches his teeth nervously. Thick beads of perspiration start from his forehead. He believes it is Patterson's army that has followed "upon his heels" from before Winchester, faster than has been anticipated, and as he thinks of Kirby Smith, who should long since have arrived with Elzey's Brigade—all of his own "Army of the Shenandoah"—that has not yet followed him to Manassas—the exclamation involuntarily bursts from his lips: "O, for four regiments!"†

* Johnston's Report.

† Says a correspondent and eye-witness of the battle, writing to the Richmond Dispatch, from the battlefield, July 22: "Between 2 and 3 o'clock large numbers of men were leaving the field, some of them wounded, others exhausted by the long struggle, who gave us gloomy re-

ARRIVAL OF REBEL REINFORCEMENTS.

"The prayer of the wicked availeth not," his said, yet never was the prayer of the righteous more quickly answered than is that of the rebel General-in-Chief! Johnston himself, alluding to this exigent moment, afterward remarks in his report: "The expected reinforcements appeared soon after." Instead of Patterson's Union army, it is Kirby Smith coming up, with Elzey's brigade, from Winchester!

Satisfied of the safe arrival of Kirby Smith, and ordering him up with Elzey's Brigade, Johnston directs Kershaw's 2d and Cash's 8th S. C., which have just come up, with Kemper's battery, from Bonham's Brigade, to strengthen the rebel left against the attempt which we are still making to reach around it about the Sudley road to take it in reverse. Fisher's 6th N. C. arriving about the same time, is also hurried along to help Beauregard.

But during the victorious lull, heretofore alluded to, something is happening on our side that is of very serious moment. Let us see what it is:

The batteries of Griffin and Ricketts, at the Dogan House, having nothing to fire at, as we have seen, are resting, pleased with the consciousness of their brilliant and victorious service against the rebel batteries and infantry columns, when they are ordered by McDowell—who, with his staff, is upon elevated ground to the rear of our right—to advance 1,000 yards further to the front, "upon a hill near the Henry House."

Ricketts considers this a perilous job, but proceeds to execute the order as to his own battery. A small ravine is in his front. With Ricketts gallantly leading, the battery dashes across the ravine at full gallop, breaking one wheel as it goes, which is at once replaced. A fence lies across the way. The cannoneers demolish it. The battery ascends the hill near the Henry House, which is full of the enemy's sharpshooters.*

Soon as Ricketts gets his guns in battery, his men and horses begin to fall, under the fire of these sharpshooters. He turns his guns upon the Henry House, and "literally riddles it." Amid the moans of the wounded the death scream of a woman is heard! The enemy had permitted her to remain in her doomed house!

But the execution is not all on one side—by any means. Ricketts is in a very hot place—the hottest, he afterward declares, that he has



CAPT. JAS. B. RICKETTS.

ever seen in his life—and he has seen fighting before this.

A FIERCE ARTILLERY DUEL.

The enemy is behind the woods, at the front and right of Ricketts's battery. This with the added advantage of the natural slope of the ground, enables him to deliver upon the brave Union artillery a concentrated fire, which is terribly destructive, and disables so many of Ricketts's horses

ports; but, as the firing on both sides continued steadily, we felt sure that our brave Southerners had not been conquered by the overwhelming hordes of the North. It is, however, due to truth to say that the result at this hour hangs trembling in the balance. We had lost numbers of our most distinguished officers. Gen. Bartow and Bee had been stricken down; Lieutenant John of the 1st Maryland Legion had been killed; Col. Hampton had been wounded. But there was at hand a fearless General whose reputation was staked on this battle: Gen. Beauregard promptly offered to lead the Hampton Legion into action, which he executed in a style unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Gen. Beauregard rode up and down our lines, between the enemy and his own men, regardless of the heavy fire, cheering and encouraging our troops. About this time a shell struck his horse, taking his head off, and killing the horses of his Aids, Messrs. Ferguson and Hayward.†

* Your correspondent heard Gen. Johnston also throw himself into the thickest of the fight, seizing the colors of a Georgia [Alabama] regiment and rallying them to the charge.†

Another correspondent heard Gen. Johnston exclaim to Gen. Cooke, just at the critical moment, "Oh, for four regiments!" His wish was answered; for in the distance our reinforcements appeared. The tide of battle was turned in our favor by the arrival of Gen. Kirby Smith from Winchester with 4,000 men of Gen. Johnston's Division. Gen. Smith heard, while on the Manassas Railroad cars, the roar of battle. He stopped the train and hurried his troops across the fields to the point just where he was most needed. They were at first supposed to be the enemy, their arrival at that point of the field being entirely unexpected. The enemy fell back, and a panic seized them. Cheer after cheer from our men went up, and we knew the battle had been won."

Another rebel correspondent who, as an officer of the Kentucky battalion of Gen. Johnston's Division of the rebel army, participated in the battle, wrote to the Louisville Courier from Manassas, July 22, an account of it, in which, after mentioning that the rebel army had been forced back for two miles, he continues: "The fortunes of the day were evidently on our side. Some of our best officers had been slain, and the flower of our army lay strewn upon the field, ghastly in death or gaped with wounds. At noon the cannonading is described as terrific. It was an incessant roar for more than two hours, the havoc and devastation at this time being fearful. McDowell... But most opportunely—I may say Providentially—at this juncture Gen. Johnston [Kirby Smith it should be, with the remnant of Johnston's Division—our army, as we fondly call it, for we have been friends and brothers in camp and field for three months—reappeared, and made one other desperate struggle to obtain theantage ground. Elzey's Brigade of Marylanders and Virginians led the charge, and right manfully did they execute the work."

† For this, and what immediately follows, see the testimony of Ricketts and others, before the Committee on the Conduct of the War.

‡ Col. Cummings's 33d Va., belonging to Stonewall Jackson's Brigade.

§ "by the Widow Henry."

¶ Ricketts's testimony.

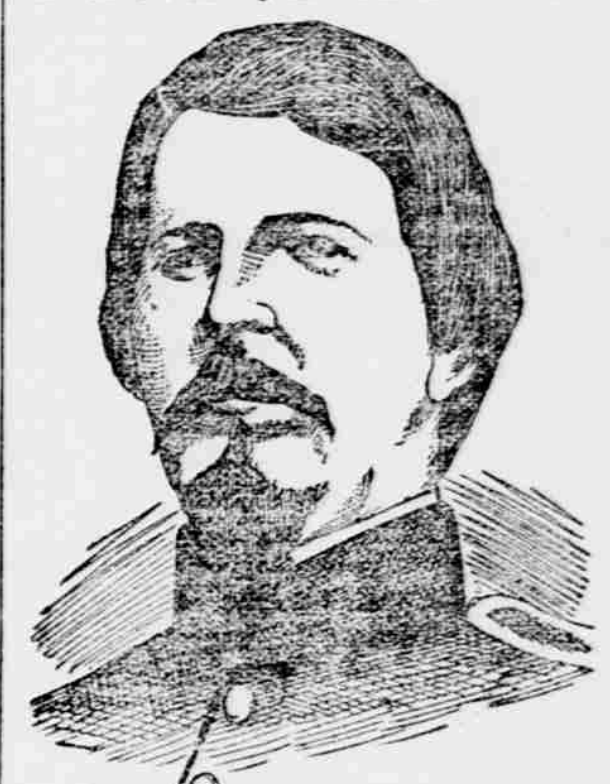
that he cannot move, if he would. Ricketts's own guns, however, are so admirably served, that a smoothbore battery of the enemy, which has been stubbornly opposing him, is driven back, despite its heavy supports.

And Griffin's battery now comes rapidly up into position on the left of, and in line with, Ricketts. For Griffin also has been ordered from the Dogan House Hill to this new and dangerously-exposed position.

But when Maj. Barry, Gen. McDowell's Chief of Artillery, brings him the order Griffin hesitates, for he has no infantry support. "The Fire Zouaves" will support you," says Barry; "they are just ready to follow you at the double-quick!"

"Then why not let them go and get in position on the hill," says Griffin; "then let Ricketts's and my batteries come into battery behind, and then let them (the Zouaves) fall back?"

Griffin advises also, as a better position for his own battery, a hill 500 yards in the rear of the Henry House Hill. But advice



BRIG. GEN. BEE, (Rebel.) Killed in the battle.

is thrown away. His Artillery Chief is inflexible.

"I tell you," says Griffin again, "the Fire Zouaves won't support us."

BARRY'S FATAL BLUNDER.

"They will," replies Barry. "At any rate, it is Gen. McDowell's order to go there!" That settles the business. "I will go," responds Griffin; "but, mark my words, they will not support us!"

Griffin's battery, indeed, starts first; but, owing to the mistake of one of his officers, it has to be counter-marched, so that Ricketts's is thrown to the front, and, as we have seen, first reaches the crest of the Henry House Hill.

Griffin, as he comes up with his guns, goes into battery on the left of Ricketts, and at once opens briskly on the enemy. One of Griffin's guns has a ball lodged in the bore, which cannot be got in or out. His other five guns, with the six guns of Ricketts, make 11 pieces, which are now side by side—all of them driving away at the enemy's (Stonewall Jackson's) strong batteries, not more than 300 yards away.

They have been at it half an hour perhaps, when Griffin moves two of his pieces to the right of Ricketts, and commences firing with them. He has hardly been there five minutes when a rebel regiment, coming out of the woods at Griffin's right front, gets over a rail fence, its Colonel steps out to the knees in rank grass, and the battery, and commences a speech to his men!

Griffin orders one of his officers to load with canister, and let drive at them. The guns are loaded and ready to fire, when up gallops Barry, exclaiming: "Captain, don't fire there; those are your battery supports!"

At this supreme moment Reynolds's gorgeous looking Marines are sitting down in close column on the ground to the left of the Union batteries. The showy 11th N. Y. Fire Zouaves are a little to the rear



RICKETTS'S BATTERY GOING INTO ACTION.

of the right of the guns. The gallant 14th N. Y. Chasseurs, in their dust-covered red uniforms, who had followed Griffin's battery at some distance, have, only a little while since, pushed finely up from the ravine at the rear of our batteries into the woods, to the right of Griffin and Ricketts, at a double-quick. To the left of the batteries, close to the battalion of Marines, Heintzelman bestrides his horse, near some of his own division.

To Maj. Barry's startling declaration Capt. Griffin excitedly shouts: "They are Confederates! Sure as the world, they are Confederates!"

But Barry thinks he knows better, and hastily responds: "I know they are your battery supports!"

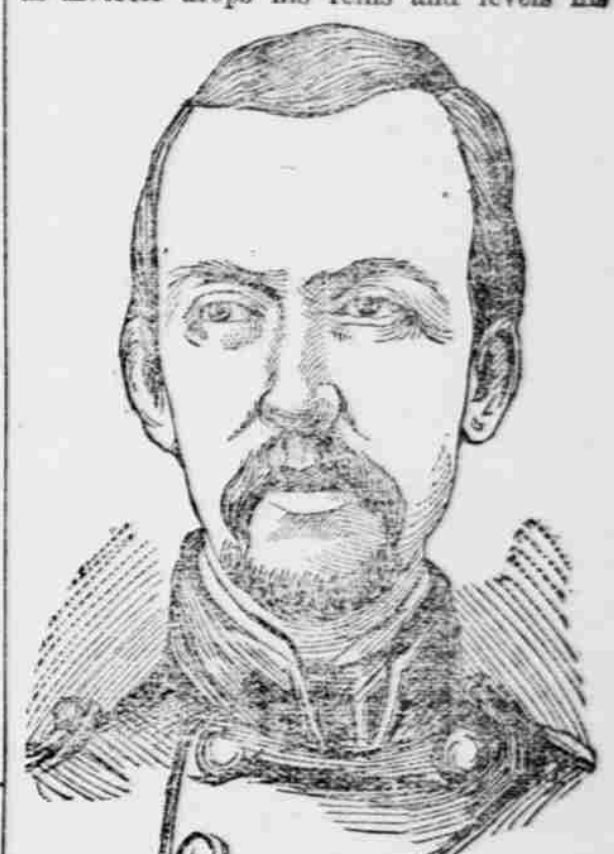
Griffin spurs toward his pieces, counter-marches his previous order, and firing is resumed in the old direction.

Colonel Averell, Assistant Adjutant-General to Gen. Andrew Porter, has just ridden up to Heintzelman's side, and now catches sight of the rebel regiment. "What

troops are those?" he asks of Gen. Heintzelman, pointing in their direction.

AN AWFUL VALLEY.

While Heintzelman is replying, and just as Averell drops his reins and levels his



COL. MICHAEL CORCORAN, Commanding 69th N. Y. Taken Prisoner.

field-glass at them, "down come their pieces—rifles and muskets—and probably," as Averell afterward said, "there never was such a destructive fire for a few minutes. It seemed as though every man and horse of that battery just laid right down and died right off!"

It is a dreadful mistake that has been made. And there seems to have been no excuse for it either. The deliberateness of the rebel Colonel has given Barry abundant time to have discovered his error. For Griffin subsequently declared, under oath,† that, "After the officer who had been talking to the regiment had got through he faced them to the left, marched them about 50 yards to the woods, then faced them to the right again, marched them about 40 yards towards us, then opened fire upon us—and that was the last of us!"

It is a terrible blunder. For up to this moment the battle is undeniably ours. And while the rebel Colonel has been haranguing his brave men there has been plenty of time to have "passed the word" along the line of our batteries and poured canister into the rebel regiment from the whole line of 11 guns at point-blank range, which must inevitably have cut it all to pieces.‡ The fate of the day hung balanced right there and then, with all the chances in favor of McDowell. But those chances are now reversed. Such are the fickle changes in the fortunes of battle!

Instead of our batteries cutting to pieces the rebel infantry regiment, the rebel infantry regiment has moved down the gallant artillery of our batteries. Hardly a man of them escapes. Death and destruction reap a wondrous and instant harvest. Wounded, dying or dead lie the brave cannoneers at their guns, officers and men alike horsed combat, while wounded horses gallop wildly back, with bounding caissons, down



CAPT. CHARLES GRIFFIN.

the gentle declivity, carrying disorder and further danger in their mad flight.

THE TIDE BEGINS TO TURN.

The supporting Fire Zouaves and Marines, on the right and left of our line of guns, stand with staring eyes and dumb, open mouths at the sudden turn of affairs. They are absolutely paralyzed with astonishment. They do not run at first. They stand quaking and panic-stricken. They are urged to advance upon the rebel regiment—"to give them a volley and then try the bayonet." In vain! They fire perhaps 100 scattering shots, and receive in return, as they break and run down the hill to the rear, volley after volley of deadly lead from the rebel muskets.

But as this rebel regiment (Cummings's 33d Va.) advances to seize the crippled and defenseless guns, it is checked and driven back by the